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Select Tales.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

By the authoress of "The Cottage in the Glen," "Sensibility," "Losing and Winning," "Fashionable and Unfashionable Wife," etc.

[Concluded.]

One morning as Miss Leigh was seated in the recess which was devoted to her use while erecting her pyramid, Miss Eustace came, as she frequently did, to overlook her for a few minutes. She looked on in silence for some time and then said—

"It is the most beautiful thing, Augusta, I ever saw. But is it quite perpendicular?"

"Perfectly so," said Miss Leigh.

"Perhaps it is the position from which I now view it, that makes it seem to lean a little to your right hand," said Miss Eustace.

"It undoubtedly is," said Miss Leigh, "for it is precisely perpendicular."

"It is really the most beautiful thing I ever saw," repeated Miss Eustace, and soon after took a seat on the other side of the room.

She had been but a short time settled to her work, when Mr. Chauncey made his appearance; and, just passing the compliments of the morning, he drew a chair towards Miss Leigh's table, and seated himself beside her.

"What are you doing Miss Leigh?" said he, in a tone of surprise, as soon as he had time to observe, that instead of adding shells to the fabric, she was deliberately removing them. Have you made any mistake?"

"Abby has been finding fault with my work," she replied. Her words seemed almost to choke her, and her eye sparkled with unusual fire, while a bright spot burned on her cheek.

"Fault! what fault?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

In an instant Miss Eustace was beside the table, and catching the hand that was about to remove another shell, she cried.

"Dear Augusta, what do you mean? You must not remove another shell from this beautiful fabric!"

With a motion not perfectly gentle, Miss Leigh withdrew her hand from Miss Eustace's grasp, and in silence proceeded to remove the shell.

"Do persuade her, Mr. Chauncey," said Miss Eustace, with eagerness—"Do persuade her to let alone this work of destruction. I only asked her if it was quite perpendicular, and no doubt it was my point of observation that made it appear otherwise. Dear Augusta," she added, throwing her arms around her friend's neck, "do desist from your present purpose. I wish I had kept my foolish tongue quiet. You know not how sorry I am that I made the remark!"

But Miss Leigh would not yield. Releasing herself from Miss Eustace's arms, she returned to her work of demolition, while she said—

"I shall take it to pieces, Miss Eustace, I like not that any thing should go from beneath my hand that is not perfect!"

"That is a right principle," thought Mr. Chauncey, "and is an excuse for—" He stopped short, for he found himself in danger of having his judgment warped by the emotions of his heart. Fixing his eyes on the pyramid, he fell into a train of musing.

"It is quite perpendicular, is it not, Mr. Chauncey?" said Miss Eustace, supposing his mind engrossed by the object he seemed so intently viewing. "Is it not quite perpendicular?" she repeated.

"It is not," said Mr. Chauncey, roused by her reiterated question to examine the pyramid with a critical eye—"It is not, though I did not notice its declination, till led to look for it. The defect, however, is so slight, that few persons probably would notice it."

"You will not take it to pieces, Augusta?" said Miss Eustace in an entreating tone.

Miss Leigh removed her work to a greater distance from her and turning it slowly around examined it carefully.

"Yes, I must take it down, Abby—at least thus far," said she, placing her finger on the pyramid. "The defect is not so slight as Mr. Chauncey says. Every one will observe it. I should have done so myself as soon as I had completed it. I am very glad you noticed it so reasonably, notwithstanding my petulance—my ill-humor. Will you forgive me Abby?" she added, as she looked up with an expression of regret on her features, while she held up her lips for a kiss!

"I have nothing to forgive," said Miss Eustace, as she placed her lips on those of her friend, with the warm kiss of affection.

Mr. Chauncey drew a long breath, as if relieved from an oppressive burden.

Yet notwithstanding the speedy reconciliation, Mr. Chauncey's visit was not as pleasant as usual. Miss Leigh seemed too intent on taking her work to pieces, to converse with her usual vivacity. Nor did her countenance wear exactly its most agreeable expression. In a few minutes after the mutual kiss had been given, a look of uneasiness—of discontent settled about her eyes and brow, which to say the least was not attractive. There was something too, in the close of her mouth, that rendered her far less beautiful than usual. All this might have risen from the unpleasantness of the task of taking to pieces that which she had put together with so much care and pains. But be the cause what it might, Mr. Chauncey was paralyzed by the effect. He made one or two efforts at conversation, as he found silence very embarrassing. He tasted not that rich enjoyment which he sometimes had, while sitting in perfect silence beside the object of his admiration. But his efforts to converse were unavailing, as Miss Leigh answered only by monosyllables.

He wished Miss Eustace to break the spell; but she had resumed her seat and her work on the other side of the room, and silent and unobtrusive as usual. Mrs. Atkins at length came in and Mr. Chauncey hoped that relief was now at hand; but instead of this, the unpleasant explanation of Miss Leigh's retrograde work must be made.

"What a pity it is!" said Mrs. Atkins, "why did not some of us observe it sooner to save you so much trouble, Augusta?"

To this Miss Leigh made no reply, but with her mouth more firmly closed than ever, continued for a few minutes longer to undo her work. Increasing dissatisfaction, however, was legibly written on her countenance, till at length closing her hands over the pyramid, she said, "this is irksome!" and at the same instant pressed her hands together and reduced the fabric to a complete ruin.

"Oh, how could you do so?" cried Mrs. Atkins.

"I will make one for you, Susan, after I go home," said Miss Leigh. "I could not go on with this—all satisfaction in it was forever destroyed!"

If Miss Leigh ever appeared lovely and fascinating—if she ever appeared to be all that a woman should be, it was for the fortnight that succeeded the demolition of the pyramid; and Horace Chauncey at length surrendered himself to the force of her attractions. And yet his heart had not the perfect consent of his judgment; or rather, he feared if his judgment were perfectly well-informed, its sentence would be against him. "And yet, what have I to fear?" thought he. "The strong attachment of her friends speaks volumes in her praise, even did she need such testimony in her favor. And do I not myself, constantly witness the vigor of her intellect—the correctness of her opinions—the delicacy of her feelings—the tenderness of her sympathies? What can I ask more? Where else can I find as much?" He sighed deeply as he added—"Mrs. Atkins spoke truth—I have become fastidious. I am expecting that perfection on earth, which is to be found only in heaven. And am I so perfect myself as to have a right to expect perfection in my wife? Alas, how many defects will you have to overlook in me Augusta, should you ever be mine! I can—I will hesitate no longer! This evening you shall know the very wishes of my heart!" He immediately opened his writing desk, filled a page with the avowal of his attachment, and closed by the offer of his hand.

On entering his friend's parlor in the evening, Mr. Chauncey found the young ladies engaged at chess; Mr. Atkins seated by them watching the progress of the game, while Mrs. Atkins was occupied with a book in another part of the room. He was so often with them, that he came in and went out almost like one of the family, so that a bow and a "good evening" were all that was

necessary before he mingled in the group, and became a participator in whatever was on hand. He now stationed himself behind Miss Leigh's chair, and fastened his eyes on the chess board. For some time, however, he could not fix his mind on the game, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the important letter that seemed to burn in his pocket.

"Our fair friends are so equally matched," said Mr. Atkins, "that there is much interest in watching the contest."

"Have you frequently played since you have been here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey.

"Very seldom," Miss Leigh replied.

"I thought so," said Mr. Chauncey, "or I must before this have found you thus engaged."

"They played last evening," said Mr. Atkins, "and had a warmly contested battle."

"And who was the conqueror?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"Oh, Augusta," said Miss Eustace, looking up, "but much against my will, I assure you. I never tried harder for a victory in my life."

"Then you bore your defeat admirably," said Mr. Atkins. "For my part, I thought you quite indifferent about it, you appeared so well satisfied after you had yielded the contest."

"Oh, yes—*after I had yielded*," said Miss Eustace. "The time of trial, you know, is when the fears are that they shall be obliged to yield. After all, there is about as much satisfaction in being beaten as in beating, for one can scarcely help sympathizing with an antagonist who has fought bravely but unsuccessfully."

"I am happy to learn that you so much enjoy being beaten," said Miss Leigh, smiling.

"You think I shall soon have that enjoyment again?" said Miss Eustace, "and I shall, indeed, unless I pay more attention to the game."

For a full hour from this time they made their moves in perfect silence—victory sometimes leaning to one and sometimes to the other. The two gentleman were as much interested as the antagonists, but they had taken different sides. Mr. Atkins' sympathies all being enlisted for Miss Eustace—Mr. Chauncey of course, for Miss Leigh. Both however, were too gentlemanly to express their feelings by word or sign. But at length the game seemed drawing to a close, and again in Miss Leigh's favor, when a skillful move on Miss Eustace's part turned the whole face of the battle. Miss Leigh, however seemed not aware of it, so intent was she on the manœuvres she had been performing. Mr. Chauncey's heart beat quick as he saw all her danger; and when she placed her finger on a piece, to have moved which would have decided her fate at once, his self-command forsook him, and uttering an emphatic "ah!" he turned suddenly from the table. He could not endure to witness her defeat!

Miss Leigh suspended her movement, but she was too much excited to see clearly, and after a momentary pause she made the fatal move. The next instant she saw her error—it was too much—and the moment when Mr. Chauncey resumed his post, with a flaming cheek and flashing eyes, she swept her arm across the table, exclaiming—

"I will never play another game of chess while I live!"

Miss Eustace looked up with an expression of anxiety on her features; Mr. Atkins with undisguised displeasure; while the countenance of Mr. Chauncey spoke amazement and consternation. Miss Leigh instantly left the table and walked towards the fire, followed by Miss Eustace.

"Who is the victor to-night, Abby?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, raising her eyes from her book.

"Neither," said Miss Eustace, in a very soft and low tone: "we did not finish the game."

"You know better, Miss Eustace!" said Miss Leigh; "you know you are yourself victorious, and I will never play another game of chess while I live!" Her voice though but slightly raised had the tone of passionate excitement, and her words were scarcely uttered, ere she burst into a paroxysm of tears, Miss Eustace again looked up with an expression of distress—stood suspended a moment as if in doubt what to do, and then silently left the room.

"Are you petrified?" said Mr. Atkins, as he turned round and observed Mr. Chauncey standing immovable beside the chess-table, his eyes riveted upon it.

The question roused him, and drawing out his watch, he said, while his voice betrayed much emotion—"It is later than I thought—I must bid you good night."

"Oh, not yet Horace," said Mr. Atkins; "that unlucky game of chess has engrossed the whole evening. Come, sit down, Susan will throw aside her book—Augusta will get over her defeat, and we will have some rational conversation."

"You will excuse me this evening," said Mr. Chauncey, and uttering a hasty "good night," he left the room.

He was scarcely conscious of any thing until he found himself in his own chamber at his boarding house. Stirring up the decayed embers that lay on the hearth to make them burn more brightly, he snatched the lately written letter from his pocket and laid it upon them. He watched it as it consumed, until the last particle was reduced to ashes, and then drawing a long breath he uttered an emphatic—"Thank Heaven!"

An hour afterwards he rang the bell for a servant, gave some directions, and early the next morning, while the stars were yet bright in the heaven, he took a seat in the mail coach, that whirled him rapidly away from the scene of his danger.

"What has become of Mr. Chauncey?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, the second evening after the decisive game of chess had been played—"He is staying from us much longer than usual I think."

Miss Leigh look up with a face of anxious inquiry, as Mr. Atkins replied—

"Indeed I don't know what has become of him, I have not had a sight of him since Tuesday evening. Perhaps," he added, laughing, "perhaps he died of the fright you that night gave him, Augusta?"

Coloring the deepest crimson, while the tears forced themselves into her eyes Miss Leigh replied—

"At least my hasty temper will frighten all your friends from your house, Mr. Atkins, should its effect not prove any more fatal. O, could my friends know how much my ungovernable pas-

sions cost me, they would pity as much as they blame me!"

"Do not talk of it, dear Augusta," said Miss Eustace, taking her hand. "Forget it all, as we do, or remember it only to strive after more self-command for the future. You remember how much we admired the sentiment we read yesterday,

"Qui sait se posseder, pent commander un monde."

"Oh, yes, but all my efforts at self-possession are useless," said Miss Leigh, almost sobbing; "I can never remember till it is too late, and then mortification and self-upbraiding are my just reward. I would give the world, Abby," she added, as she parted the hair from her friend's placid brow, "I would give the world had I your equanimity of temper."

"Well, let us talk no more about it," said Mr. Atkins. "To-morrow I will look after the truant, and learn the cause of his absence."

He had scarcely done speaking when the servant brought the letters and papers which had just arrived by the mail. Looking them over, Mr. Atkins caught up one exclaiming—

"This is curious? this must be Horace's hand writing, and the post mark is Boston."

"Pray open it," cried Mrs. Atkins. "What does he say?"

"Why, he says," answered Mr. Atkins, after rapidly running the letter over, "he says that he writes to bid us good bye, that he cannot come to utter it in his own person."

"Good bye!" cried Mrs. Atkins, "pray when did he leave town?"

"At five the next morning after he left us," said Mr. Atkins.

"And how long is he to be absent?" Mrs. Atkins inquired.

"Uncertain," answered her husband. "The length of his absence will depend on circumstances. Perhaps we shall not see him again these three months."

"This is very singular?" remarked Mrs. Atkins. "Does he say what called him away in such haste to be gone for so long a period?"

"Not a word. The letter seems to have been written in great haste. I have never seen such a scrawl come from beneath Horace's hand. He must have been in great haste."

Mr. Atkins then proceeded to open other letters, and nothing further was said of Mr. Chauncey or his abrupt departure. Yet a glance at the faces of the trio of ladies would have proved that the subject was not dismissed from their thoughts. Mrs. Atkins, with half closed eyes, sat looking at the fire with an air of abstraction which showed that she was endeavoring to unravel the enigma. Miss Leigh's features wore an expression of blank disappointment; and after an unsuccessful attempt to conceal or control her feelings, she retired to her chamber. The heightened color in Miss Eustace's cheek was the only thing about her face that bespoke emotion; but an eye fixed intently on the frill that fell over her bosom, would have seen with what force and rapidity her heart was beating.

"Gone!" said Miss Leigh, as she closed the door of her chamber; "gone for three months! From me—forever! The die is cast?" She wept in the bitterness of disappointment and mortifica-

tion. She had for many days been expecting the offer of his hand—the hand she most strongly wished to possess. She had felt confident of his attachment—she had told her cousin of her expectations. She had read his affection, his admiration, in his eyes, in the tone of his voice. Had she been deceived? Had he tried to deceive her? Oh, no; Horace Chauncey was above deceit. He had loved her!—but like a fool—or rather like a fury, she had forced him from her! It must have been so—that the game of chess had sealed her fate! Such was the train of thought that accompanied her tumultuous and compunctionous feelings. Her peace, her happiness, her self-respect were gone; and the most bitter drop in her cup of sorrow, was the full consciousness that she had brought on her own misery—that she deserved her own wretchedness!

From this period the enjoyment of her visit to Mr. Atkins was at an end. She dragged out a week or two, every solitary moment of which was spent in bitter self-upbraiding, and then took an abrupt departure for home. Miss Eustace would have accompanied her, but to this Mrs. Atkins would not listen for a moment. "No, no, Abby," said she, "it must not be! I cannot part with you both at once; and one day must not be taken from the time that your mother allotted for your visit, unless by providential appointment."

"Whom suppose you, I saw alighting from the stage coach just now?" said Mr. Atkins with much animation, as he came in to tea one evening a fortnight after Miss Leigh's departure.

"Horace Chauncey," replied Mrs. Atkins.

"Horace Chauncey!" repeated Mr. Atkins. "How come you to think of him?"

"Because there is no one likely to arrive here whom I should be so glad to see," Mrs. Atkins replied.

"Well, you are correct in your conjecture," said Mr. Atkins. "It was Horace, and he has promised to look in upon us for a few minutes in the course of the evening. But do not look so much moved, Abby; for I dare say nothing will happen to drive him away to-night."

"There is nothing pleasant in the recollection of the last time I saw him," said Miss Eustace. She blushed as she was speaking at the disingenuousness which led her to permit Mr. Atkins to ascribe her emotion to a wrong cause.

But it was not art—it was nature. The love in a woman's heart likes not to be looked upon, at least not until it may with propriety be expressed. It is a little treasure which she feels to be all her own, a treasure which she has a right to conceal from all eyes. Timidity, delicacy, natural female reserve, are the causes of this concealment rather than want of ingenuousness. In the most perfect solitude she would blush to clothe in sound the words "I love," though she might constantly be conscious of the fact—constantly have her eye fixed on the image of the beloved object engraved on her heart. The woman who can, to a third person, speak freely of her love, loves not as woman is capable of loving!

As expected, Mr. Chauncey came in before the evening was far advanced, and though on

his first appearance, his manner was not quite as calm and collected as usual, his embarrassment soon wore away, and his visit instead of being one of a few minutes, was lengthened to a couple of hours.

"You need no new invitation to favor us with frequent visits, Mr. Chauncey," said Mr. Atkins, as he was taking leave: "those you formerly received were for life."

Notwithstanding the kindness and delicacy of this remark, Mr. Chauncey for a while was less frequently to be seen at his friend's than formerly. He was not a pining lover; but he had received a shock from which he could not at once recover. His heart was not a heart that could long continue to love, after the beloved object had ceased to command his respect. To marry Miss Leigh, to look to her to make his abode the home of peace, serenity and joy, was impossible; and after this full conviction of his judgment, to spend his time in sighing for her loss would be puerile. Yet apart from every selfish consideration, he did mourn, that a woman possessing such qualities as she possessed, and who might be all that the heart or the judgment could require, should be spoiled by the indulgence of one baneful passion.

Even at the time when he yielded himself most completely to Miss Leigh's attractions, the contrast between her temper and that of Miss Eustace, would force itself upon him. At the moment of the destruction of the pyramid, the feather screen came fully before his memory; and the different expressions of the two young ladies faces when Mr. Atkins ventured to propose some improvement in the mode of wearing their riding caps, were vividly painful to his imagination. He strove, however, to persuade himself that it was unreasonable to expect in one person a combination of all the excellent and lovely qualities that are divided among the sex: and he endeavored to believe that candor which was so ready to acknowledge a fault, was even more desirable than uniform sweetness of temper. But the evil had been rudely torn from his eyes, his sophistry had all been overthrown—and after one struggle he was himself again restored to the full conviction, that one great defect will spoil a character.

It was not long however, before Mr. Chauncey's visits at his friend's house became as frequent as ever, though the character of his enjoyment was changed. He was no longer engrossed by one exciting object, and there was a new quietness breathing about his friend's fire-side, that rendered their rich, moral and intellectual pleasures truly delightful. Formerly his visits had all the excitement of pleasure; on returning home he had needed repose; now they had the soothing effect of happiness, and if he went weary, he returned home refreshed.

During several of his earlier visits, Miss Eustace was as silent as she formerly had been; but gradually her friends were drawing her out by addressing themselves to her, or asking her opinion; and Mr. Chauncey himself was becoming interested in eliciting her remarks. She did not awaken his admiration like Miss Leigh; but he soon became sensible, that if what she said was less shining, it was generally better digested;

and if she had less wit herself, she more heartily enjoyed the wit of others. If she did not leave her society dazzled by her brilliancy, he found that what she said called forth thought and reflection; and if her observations had less force and fire than her friend's, they would better bear examination. Her lustre was mild, not overpowering; and the influence upon the heart and mind, like the dews of a summer's evening descending on the flowers—noiseless, gentle, sensible but invigorating and refreshing.

That dreamy recollection too; that strange association of certain expression of her countenance with some by-gone pleasure, which he had experienced on their first acquaintance, but which had been lost sight of while he was engrossed by Miss Leigh, was returning with increased force upon him, and awakened a peculiar interest. It was something undefinable, intangible, but something that gave a throb to the heart whenever it crossed him. Yet so quiet was Miss Eustace's influence, so different the feelings she awakened from those excited by Miss Leigh, that his heart was a captive while he yet suspected not the loss of freedom,

One evening, on entering his friend's parlor, he found Miss Eustace alone; Mr. and Mrs. Atkins having gone out for an hour. She took no notice of his entrance, supposing it one of the family who came in, but he immediately joined her, remarking—

"You seem lost in thought, Miss Eustace. Will you permit me to participate in your reflection?"

"I was looking forth on the beauties of the evening," said Miss Eustace.

It was a glorious night. The moon clear as pearl, was riding high in the heavens, and looking down on the earth which seemed hushed to perfect peace; and every star that could make itself visible in the presence of the queen of night, was sparkling like a diamond.

"It is indeed a night to awaken the admiration and inspire poetry," said Mr. Chauncey. "Has not the muse visited you?"

"I believe not," said Miss Eustace. "The influence of such a night on my heart is like that of music; I think it is *feeling*, not *thought* that it inspires. O, could one communicate feelings without the intervention of words—could they throw them on paper without the mechanical drudgery of expressing them, what a volume would there be to read!" She raised her face towards him while speaking, beaming with the inspiration of the soul.

"Who is it? what is it? that you are perpetually bringing athwart my imagination—my memory?" said Mr. Chauncey abruptly. "It seems to have had a pre-existence, in which you were known to me?"

Miss Eustace made no reply. The suddenness of the question made her heart beat tumultuously—painfully: and the intensity of her feeling produced a sensation of faintness; but she supported herself against the window frame, and her agitation was unnoticed.

"I have it! that must be it!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncey, after a moment's abstraction—"Gen. Gardner! Years ago, when a boy, I spent a week at his house. He had a lovely little daugh-

ter; her name, too, was Abby; I have neither seen nor heard from her since; but she strongly resembled you. The same lovely expression animated her features! Am I not right?"

"Scarcely able to command voice enough to speak," Miss Eustace replied. "I believe Gen. Gardner never had a daughter."

"Oh, you must be mistaken!" said Mr. Chauncey. "It has all come as fresh to my memory as the events of yesterday. My father went a journey, took me with him as far as Gen. Gardner's, and left me until his return. I was with his lovely little daughter daily for a week, and remember asking her before I came away if she would not be my wife when she became a woman."

"Most true!" thought Miss Eustace, trembling from head to foot, "and you followed the question by a kiss."

"You are acquainted with the General's family," continued Mr. Chauncey, "and you say he never had a daughter! But you must be mistaken! He certainly had one then, if he has one no longer."

"I cannot be mistaken, sir," said Miss Eustace, in tones that were scarcely audible, "as I have passed much of my time there from infancy."

"Then it was yourself," cried Mr. Chauncey, "your own self that I saw there! Am I not right? Do you remember it?"

"I do," Miss Eustace had just voice enough to utter.

"And did you remember me when we first met here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey with eagerness.

"I did," said Miss Eustace.

"And why," he cried, "why did you never speak of our former acquaintance? Why could you not kindly recall my early enjoyment of society?"

Miss Eustace could make no answer. She felt as if about to betray her heart's most hidden secret; as if Mr. Chauncey could read her whole soul, should she attempt to utter another syllable. Her trembling limbs could no longer support her, and with an unsteady motion she crossed the room, and seated herself on the sofa.

The attachment of Miss Eustace to Mr. Chauncey was rather an *instinct* than a *passion*. She was but eight years old when she met him at Gen. Gardner's, and she had never seen him since, until they met at Mr. Atkins'; yet the little attention he then paid her, which were the very first she had received from one of the other sex, and which had a peculiar delicacy for the attentions of a youth of sixteen, made an audible impression on her feelings. The strange question he asked her was ever awake in her heart!—the kiss he imprinted ever warm on her cheek! She would have felt it profanation to have had it displaced by one from any other lips. But though she had never seen, she had very frequently heard of him; and the sound of his name, a name she herself never uttered, was music to her ear; and for the long ten years during which they had been separated, his image had filled her whole soul. For Abby Eustace to have forgotten him would have been impossible? Her love for Horace Chauncey was a part of her very being.

Mr. Chauncey did not instantly follow Miss Eustace to the sofa. He wished to look at his

heart—to still its emotions ere he went any further.—But one look showed him that he loved her wholly, entirely, undividedly; the sight of her agitation encouraged his hope—and advancing to the back of the sofa, and leaning over it, he said in the softest tone—

"Now that you are a woman, may I repeat the request of my boyhood? Will you be my wife?"

Miss Eustace spoke not a word, but her eyes met those of her lover; language on either side was unnecessary—both felt that they loved and were beloved—that they were one forever.

Something more than a year after this eventful moment, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey were spending a social evening with their friends, in the same pleasant parlor in which their hearts had first been opened to each other. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Atkins made known the fact that her cousin, Miss Leigh, was on the verge of matrimony.

"I pity her husband," said Mr. Chauncey.

"Pity him!" exclaimed Mr. Atkins; "for what? I dare say he considers himself one of the most fortunate fellows alive!"

"Undoubtedly he does," said Mr. C. "but it will be a miracle if he ever enjoys domestic happiness."

"Why?" demanded Mr. Atkins, "surely Augusta has many valuable and attractive qualities."

"I grant it," said Mr. Chauncey, "and acknowledge that I once felt their force. But should a woman combine in her own character all the valuable qualities in the world, she could not secure happiness to her husband, were they allied to a temper like hers."

"Is not that going too far, Horace?" asked Mr. Atkins. "Is it not laying too much stress on temper?"

"I think not," said Mr. Chauncey.—"Early in my life my mother often spoke to me of the importance of good temper. Her remarks, which made a deep impression, led me to careful observation, and I am convinced, that could we accurately learn the detailed history of any one, from the cradle of his infancy to the grave in which he is laid at three score years and ten, we should find that TEMPER, his own or that of others, had occasioned three-fourths of the unhappiness he had endured.—Neither poverty nor toil, pain nor sickness, disappointment nor the loss of friends—neither nor all of these together have caused so many hours of bitterness in this sorrowing world as ILL TEMPER. It is the scorpion among the passions—it stings the deepest, gives the most venomous wounds that are inflicted on human happiness!"

"I rather think you are right, Horace," said Mr. Atkins, after setting a few minutes in silent abstraction—"I rather think you are right;" and if so, he playfully added, "I really sympathize with you on account of Abby's unhappy temper!"

"Abby's unhappy temper?" repeated Mr. Chauncey, while his eyes beamed with unutterable complacency and love, as they rested upon her. "Look at her Charles. Picture to yourself that face inflamed and distorted with passion! Imagine your own wife so disfigured! Is not the picture horrible? Who ever imagined a woman as she should be, without investing her with meekness, gentleness, patience, and forbearance,

as the genuine characteristics of her sex? When destitute of these, she belies her nature—counteracts the very design of her creation!"

"But you will grant," said Mr. Atkins, "that some women are born with much stronger passions than others, will you make no allowance for these?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Chauncey. "I have no belief in ungovernable passions. I would as soon excuse a thief for his stealing, or a drunkard for his intemperance, as a sensible woman for indulging a bad temper on the score of natural infirmity. At the point of danger a double guard must be placed. Every woman owes this, not only to herself but to her friends. She was made to lighten care—soothe corroded feelings; to console the afflicted; to sympathize with the suffering; and by her gentle influence, to allay the stormy and conflicting elements that agitate the most rugged nature of man! Instead of this, shall she permit her own angry passions to be the whirlwind of her sex, like those who abandoned themselves to any other vicious inclination. A ill-tempered man is a tyrant; but an ill-tempered woman is a monster."

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For the Rural Repository.

SYMPATHY.

The love of sympathy is deeply implanted in the human heart. You may trace the workings of this master passion of the heart, from childhood to mature age. There is ever an anxious desire, a yearning after some kindred soul, some congenial spirit on whom we can lavish the rich affections that ever glow within the heart while in a state of innocence and purity, ere the darkening and blighting influence of cold and selfish spirits of earth has fallen upon it, for some on whom we can confide our fondest hopes and most deeply cherished thoughts—for some one to whom when weary and heartsick with the corroding cares and rude struggles with the gross mass of earth, we can go reposing implicit confidence, who shall with the sweet and holy power of sympathy dispel the dark gloom that is stealing o'er us, and diffuse a calm and heart-purifying influence o'er the soul, the priceless gem of whose heart shall be all our own. Deprived of the happiness and heart-subduing influence of sympathy, earth were a desert and life a curse, we should drag out a dreary and monotonous existence, with not one ray of light to illumine the darkness of our path. Oh sympathy! Thou charm of life, the source of our highest enjoyment upon earth, dark indeed were life without thee, thou hast power to throw a heavenly and radiant light o'er the varied and chequered scenes of life's journey, to raise our souls above the dark cares and sorrows of earth, impart a blissful hope and a heavenly joy to the spirit, when called to leave the scenes of earth. Oh, thou will sustain us in the trying hour that renders the union of soul and body, and point with a beacon light across the dark valley and shadow of death, to blissful and heavenly scenes. I pity from my heart that person, male or female, in whose heart the voice of sympathy awakens no answering response, whom its electric influence cannot thrill with new life,

who feels no yearning for some one to love and by whom they may be loved, they must have a heart colder than Alpine snows, a spirit wholly enveloped in the murky gloom of gross selfishness, dead to all those warm, generous and holy feelings that enoble human nature, that make life dear, that are the charm and joy of our earthly pilgrimage. Oh, I would as soon, ah, sooner trust in the honor and mercy of the midnight assassin than confide the happiness of my life to the female of a cold heart and a selfish and unimpassioned spirit. Oh, give to me the warm, the feeling heart, the heart that can glow with sympathy for the joys and sorrows of a fellow being, the heart that can thrill with Love's pure and deathless power. Oh, give to me the warm, pure and devoted love of one young and lovely, artless and confiding girl, and though I may be forsaken and shunned by all others, though misfortune and misery may howl their fiercest blasts upon my head, though it may be my fate to quaff the bitter cup of sorrow and woe to the dregs, though disappointments may assail me at every onward step, they shall have no power to crush my heart, or chill the warmth of my affections, but sustained by the blissful assurance, that there was one being pure and lovely, whose heart was all my own, one bosom on which sinking under the dark load of cares and sorrows I could repose my weary head with the sweet and joyful assurance that it throbbed for me alone, that though all others forsook me, that one loved one would cling closer and closer to me, with the self-sacrificing and devoted love of woman, whose sympathy and love would ere cast a radiant light o'er life's rough ways. Let others desire wealth and power, the glitter of rank and worldly distinction, I claim but this boon, one being whom I may love, one pure, artless and confiding spirit, the priceless gem of whose heart and virgin affections I can call my own, the light of whose love will be ever around me, through the varied scenes of life; and in the hour of death when called to take the last look upon the scenes of earth, and enter upon the untried scenes of another world, oh, what joy to have one loved being by my side, whose noiseless step and never-wearying attention should ever be near me, whose soft hand should wipe the feverish damp from my brow.— Oh, how would the darkness of the valley and shadow of death beam with the light of hope and love—what a calm and heavenly influence would her presence and sympathy impart, whose loved voice should whisper in the sweet accents of affection, our parting shall be but for a moment, we shall meet in Heaven. Oh, ye guardian spirits of hope and mercy, give me but this assurance, this one boon, and I will meet whate'er of ill fate may have in store for me, with a calm heart and a trusting spirit.

E.

Sullivan, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

MEMORY.

THERE is something in memory of intrinsic value. There is a charm connected with it, which serves to beguile the sombre hours of despondency, which speaks peace to the heart weighed down by the cares of life and the unto-world formality of a cold, unfeeling world. For In proof of this we are referred to his own remarks,

when trials and afflictions gather around the sacred altars of our homes, fond memory irresistibly bears our thoughts back to the haleyon days of peace and uninterrupted prosperity, which we experienced in former times. In old age the buried joys and sorrows of our youthful days, are called to mind, and deeply interesting associations of childhood, cast their enchanting charms around us. Oh! who of us can, (without exhibiting unmingle emotions of gratitude to the Giver of memory, the noblest faculty of the human mind,) call up the mighty visions of the past, and linger in imagination beneath the "fragrant vine," or the "old elm tree," where we so often sported in the infancy of our days. If there is ever a time when the restless, inquisitive mind of man is satisfied, it is while engaged in the solemn contemplation of the past. If we ever experience *true* happiness and unalloyed pleasure in this unfriendly world, it is while the recollection is present with us, of joyous scenes passed through, and happy hours spent with those we love. It is while the soul-stirring and heart-touching dreams of our early youth flit successively before our minds like bright spirits from a purer clime. Who, that has emerged from the elysian state of childhood, and advanced to the years of understanding, can contemplate a subject so pregnant with interest, without feelings of the deepest emotion? Cast aside the complicated productions of nature, spread wide the unsealed map of creation, and where can be found aught to compare with memory? There is not in all the universe of God that which so much conduces to our temporal happiness, as does this faculty of the mind. It aids in the production of that unwavering constancy, and undying friendship which is daily exhibited among us.—But memory is not productive of *good* results *ALONE*. It has often been the cause indirectly, of much misery in the world. Were it not for this faculty of the mind, how many revolutions that have deluged the earth in blood, would have slept forever in oblivion? Would Alexander the renowned conqueror of the world, have carried his conquests to such an extent as he did, if he had been satisfied that the story of his deeds would have been remembered but for the time being? Would he have periled his life amid the arid deserts of the east, for the momentary pleasure of looking upon a statue "made with hands?" Would he have stood with a "handfull of men" in the capacity of an aggressor before the imperial gates of Petra, whose fortifications were as immovable as the "everlasting hills?" Ah! no. The undying story of his mighty deeds would never have stood emblazoned upon the sacred page of History, had there been no such faculty of the human mind as memory, to urge him on to the contest; because they would never have been performed. Ah! it was the inspiring thought that their remembrance would be perpetuated, that induced him to grasp at impossibility, and hence the reason of his *preferring* the most difficult and dangerous expeditions. He considered that upon such, there hung more glory, and that they would produce the greater astonishment after he should be swept from the theatre of human existence.

After he had shaken the old world to its centre, and brought kings, princes and potentates to bow in unconditional obsequiousness before him, he expressed (prompted by the same spirit which had always characterized his actions,) his greatest and only wish, which was that he, after having slumbered in the silent grave for forty years, might be permitted to shake off the icy arms of death, and again visit the earth, the theatre of his mighty conquests and "daring enterprises," in order that he might learn the degree of reverence, in which his name would be held by those who would then figure upon the stage of action. He fondly hoped that his unrivalled deeds and mighty exploits, had produced an undying sensation throughout the world, and would perpetuate the remembrance of his name, until time would have found a grave. Such in a measure has been the case with many renowned poets that have gone before us. They were encouraged to make a mighty effort, by the thought that the products of their genius, would live upon the earth and become the "theme of the reviewer's ridicule," or the praise of an admiring people, while their mortal bodies would moulder in the grave, and their disembodied spirits return to the God who gave them. Oh! who, when freed from earth and all its attractions, would not wish to leave behind his name registered in the hearts of kindred and friends, more dear than all the world beside, and his epitaph stamped in indelible characters upon the hearts of a grateful people? A name and character to be held in remembrance, not like that of the conqueror, because it is deeply dyed with the innocent blood of the thousands that have fallen victims to his insatiable ambition, or stained with the tears which he has wrung from the hearts of the widow and the orphan, but on account of the hallowed associations of virtue, of unerring integrity, and inflexible patriotism, that cast their enchanting charms around them. C. C. H.

Bergen, 1841.

BIOGRAPHY.

MATTHEW BOULTON.

This individual, well known as the partner of the celebrated Watt, was born at Birmingham, on the 14th of September, 1728; and after having received a tolerable education, studied drawing and mathematics. He commenced business as a manufacturer of hardware; and having discovered a new method of inlaying steel, he sent a considerable quantity of buckles, watch-chains, &c. to the continent, where they were purchased by the English travelers, as the offspring of French ingenuity. Finding his premises at Birmingham not sufficiently capacious for his purposes, he, in 1762, purchased an extensive tract of heath, about two miles from the town, and at great expense laid the foundation of those vast and unrivaled works known as the Soho establishment. To this spot his liberality soon attracted numbers of ingenious men from all parts, and by their aid the most splendid apartments in Europe received their ornaments.

About 1767, finding the force of the water-mill inadequate to his purposes, he constructed a steam engine upon the original plan of Savery;

and two years afterwards entered into partnership with Watt, in conjunction with whom he turned that machine into several new and important uses. They soon acquired a mechanical fame all over Europe by the extent and utility of their undertakings: the most important of which was their improvement in coinage, which they effected about 1788. The coins struck at the Soho manufactory were remarkable for their beauty and execution, and caused the inventors to be employed by the Sierra Leone Company in the coinage of their silver, and by the East India Company in that of their copper.

Mr. Boulton also sent two complete mints to St. Petersburg; and having presented the late emperor Paul the First with some of the most curious articles of his manufacture, that sovereign returned him a polite letter of thanks and approbation, together with a princely present of medals and minerals from Siberia, and specimens of all the modern money of Russia. Another invention which emanated from the Soho establishment was a method of copying oil paintings with such fidelity as to deceive the most practised connoisseurs. The last discovery for which Mr. Boulton obtained a patent, was an important method for raising water and other fluids by impulse; the specification of which is published in the ninth volume of the *Repertory of the Arts*. It had been demonstrated by Daniel Bernoulli, that water flowing through a pipe and arriving at a part in which the pipe is suddenly contracted, would have its velocity at first very greatly increased; but no practical application of the principle appears to have been attempted until 1792, by an apparatus set up by Mr. Whitehurst at Oulton, in Cheshire. To this Mr. Boulton added a number of ingenious modifications.

As an illustration of the nicely and skill displayed in some of the articles made by Mr. Boulton, the following anecdote is related:—He visited France on a certain occasion, for the purpose of attending a celebrated mechanical fair that was about taking place; at which he begged to be allowed to exhibit a needle of his own making, at the same time submitting it to the examiners of works intended for this public display, who one and all pronounced it to be, though well-shaped and finely polished, but a “common needle,” and not worthy of appearing amongst the splendid and ingenious improvements and inventions that usually graced the fair. “Gentleman,” observed Mr. Boulton, “my needle is well worthy of appearance amongst your promised novelties; only allow it to be exhibited with them now, and I will afterwards show you the reason why.”

An unwilling assent to this request was finally obtained; but when the fair closed, and the prizes were to be awarded, the arbitrators triumphantly asked, “where was Mr. Boulton’s needle? and what were those striking merits which everybody had failed to discover?” Thereupon Mr. Boulton again presented it to them for inspection, with a magnifying glass, begging them to state whether they observed roughness or wrinkle upon its surface. The umpires returning it, said, “Far from it; for that its sole merit seemed to lie in its exquisite polish.” “Behold, then,” said this ingenious man, “its undiscover-

able merit; and whilst I prove to you that I made no vain boast of its claim to your attention, you will learn, perhaps, not to judge so readily again by mere exterior.” He then unscrewed the needle, when another appeared of as exquisite a workmanship; and, to the astonished eyes of the Frenchmen, about half a dozen beautiful needles were thus turned out, neatly and curiously packed within each other!—a miracle of art that seems to rival all we ever read of—a truly “multum in parvo!” Mr. Boulton triumphed in his turn, and carried off the prize which his delicate workmanship so richly deserved.

Mr. Boulton appeared at St. James’ on a levee day: “Well, Mr. Boulton,” said the king, “I am glad to see you; what new project have you got now?” “I am,” said Mr. Boulton, “manufacturing a new article that kings are very fond of.” “Aye! aye! Mr. Boulton, what’s that?” “It is power, and please your majesty.” “Power!—Mr. Boulton, we like power, that’s true; but what do you mean?” “Why, sir, I mean the power of steam to move machines.” His majesty appeared pleased, and laughing, said, “Very good; go on, go on.”

After a life devoted to the advancement of the useful arts and the commercial interests of his country, the subject of our memoir died on the 17th of August, 1809, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried at Handsworth, near Soho; his funeral being followed by six hundred workmen, each of whom received a silver medal, struck to commemorate the event.

Mr. Boulton presents us with an example of the vast influence and effects that may be produced upon society by the well-directed powers of a great mind abundantly stored with resources, but disdaining the selfish and narrow views that might have contracted its usefulness, had he neglected to call to his aid the genius of a Watt, and others equally eminent in their spheres. His private character was very amiable; and in his manners and conversation he is said to have been extremely fascinating.—*Howe’s Memoirs of Eminent American and European Mechanics.*

MISCELLANY.

A Tale which Every Person will Read.

BY REV. A. C. THOMAS.

“Whoso readeth, let him understand.”

JONATHAN HOMESPUN, having purchased an extensive farm, and provided himself with every thing requisite to prosperous husbandry, proposes to furnish subscribers with one quart of wheat weekly, for one year, at the low price of two dollars in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents if paid after six weeks.

The facilities afforded by the government, for the transportation of wheat to every section of the Union and the adjacent provinces, are such as must prove satisfactory to every subscriber; and the proprietor of the Granary assures all who may patronize him, that he will exert himself to supply an article of the best quality. N. B.—Agents will be allowed a generous per centage. Address (post paid) Proprietor of the Granary, Hopewell.

Such was the prospectus issued by my friend,

Mr. Homespun. Feeling a lively interest in his welfare, I visited his farm, although it was a long journey from my home, and was pleased to find every thing in nice order. He informed me that he had contracted a large debt in the purchase of the premises, stock and implements of husbandry, but that he had no doubt of his ability to discharge every obligation in a few years. He also stated that he had received many hundred subscribers, and that in four or five weeks he would commence the delivery of the wheat according to his proposals.

The scheme appeared plausible; and my friend was so confident of success, that I had not the slightest doubt of his prosperity. I entered my name as a subscriber, and when I left him he was preparing many thousand quart sacks.

Every week, for the space of two years, I received my quart of wheat, and concluded from its excellent quality and prompt delivery, that every thing was prosperous with Jonathan Homespun and his farm. So I gave myself no concern about my indebtedness to him—for, said I, “to a farmer so extensively patronized as he is, the small pittance of two years arrearages would be but a drop in the bucket.” It is true, there was occasionally printed on the sacks a general notice to delinquents—but I never suspected that this was intended for his friends.

The notice, however, became more frequent: and having leisure, I concluded I would visit my friend, the proprietor of the Granary. He greeted me cordially—but I saw that there had been trouble. He was evidently worn with toil and anxiety; and in the conversation of the evening, he entered into particulars.

“Here I have been laboring day and almost night for two years; and I am more in debt now than when I began. My creditors are pressing for payment; I am conscious of inability to meet their demands, and I can perceive no result but bankruptcy and ruin.”

“But have you not a large list of subscribers?” said I.

“Yes, a very large list,” was the reply; “but many of them are like you!”

“Me!” I quickly rejoined in amazement; “too many like me!”

“Pardon me,” said my friend, in a melancholy tone—“Pardon me, for oppression will make even a wise man mad. You have had a quart of wheat weekly for two years—and I have not had a cent of payment; I have a large list of the same kind of patrons scattered here and there over thousands of miles. If they would pay me the trifles they severally owe me, I should be directly freed from embarrassment, and go on my way rejoicing. But they reasoned as you reasoned; and, among you, I am brought to the door of poverty and ruin.”

I felt the full force of the reboke, and promptly paying arrearages at the increased price named in the prospectus, and also a year in advance; I shortly bid adieu to the worthy and wronged farmer, resolving to do every thing in my power to repair the injury which had been accrued from my delinquency.

O, ye patrons of Jonathan Homespun! wherever ye are, or whoever ye are! ye who have received and eaten the wheat from his granary without making payment! Ye are guilty of a grievous

sin of commission. Therefore repent; pay the farmer what you owe him. Uncle Sam's teamsters brings the sack of grain every week, and Uncle Sam's teamsters will carry the money safely to Jonathan Homespun."

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER has come, the sweetest, saddest month of all the year. Its sunsets and its gorgeous forests, how beautiful—and brief as beautiful their gorgeous dyes.

There is a pensive beauty in October days; autumn is now clothed in her loveliest drapery; the forest leaves are not yet dry and crisp; nature has not yet put on her frigid aspect, but the sighing of the breeze and the falling leaf is nature's knell for her autumn glories; soon all these beautiful things will have lost their beauty, all these bright things their brightness. These changeful, though lovely scenery, lend a touching interest to autumn days. Go into the thick, deep wood; listen to the hushed, deep murmur of the evening breeze, as it gently undulates the glories of the richly colored foliage; look away into yonder vault of heaven, in this sunset hour; how the resplendent hues of topaz, and amethyst and gold, beautifully blend in each other, and stream in living light across the ether sky. It is the very gate of heaven—and that lone star, seems a beacon light, hung out from his golden portals, to guide us, erring wanderers home. We can also hear their blest voices, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High. Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with extacy on contemplating scenes like these? Who does not feel that he is holding converse with pure beings, that he is

"Just on the boundary of the spirit land,
Close to the realm where angels have their births?"

How eloquent is nature—who is not purer and better when he listens to her voice? How impressively does God speak to us, at this sweet, sad season.—How he lets his goodness and his glory pass before us. He makes all nature beautiful, and gives us faculties to enjoy its beauties. Sweet flowers, ye too, in your ever varying hues and delicious odors, whisper the name of your Creator. Ye wear the richest dyes, and send forth the sweetest fragrance, as ye are about to fade and die. Apt emblems of life.

The autumn of our days is coming, but if we are ready, like the glorious forests and beautiful flowers, we may wrap our garments about us, and wait in holy peace, till we are called to bloom in "beauty immortal," in the gardens of God.

SHINGLING A HOUSE.

THE now "reformed farmer" had fallen almost asleep, it being nearly midnight, when he heard the landlord's wife say:—

"I wish that man would go home, if he's got one to go to."

"Hush, hush!" says the landlord, "he'll call for something else directly."

"I wish he would make haste about it then, for it is time every honest person was abed," said the wife.

"He's taking the shingles off of *his* house, and putting them upon *ours*," says the landlord.

At this James began to come to his right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself as if just awoke, saying, "I believe I'll go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord.

"Oh yes, I must go," says James—"good night;" and off he started.

After an absence of some time, the landlord met and accosted him—

"Hallo, Jim, why ain't you been down to see us?"

"Why," says James, "I had taken shingles enough off of my house, and it began to leak! so I thought it was time to stop the leak, and I have done it!"

The tavern keeper, astonished, went home to tell his wife about it, and James ever since, has left rum alone, and attended to his own business. He is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happier than ever.

A GENTLEMAN afflicted with an impediment in his speech, sat down to a crowded dinner table, at a public hotel, and calling to a servant addressed him thus: "W-a-w-waiter, gi-give me s-s-some r-r-roast b-b-beef." He stammered out in reply, "W-w-we a-a-a-aint g-g-g-got a-a-a-any." At which the gentleman highly enraged, supposing the servant was mocking him, sprang from his seat and was proceeding to knock him down, when a third person arrested his arm, and cried out. "D-d-don't strike him, he st-st-stut-stutters s-s-same as we do."

INFORMATION.—"Pa, what am a board?" "A board, my beloved infant, is a long, wide, thin piece of wood, sawed from a log." "Oh, yes, I know—well, am our alderman sawed out of logs?" "Why—hem!—no, child they grow up like I do." "Pooh! fudge! pa; here's 'board of alderman' in the paper, and I guess they is made of logs cause the papers knows." "Shut up, you long tongued little brat, you."

A DUTCHMAN'S DEFENCE.—A verity-loving Hollander, who had married some dozen wives, was tried in England for bigamy. "You say," said the judge, "that the priest who married you to the first, authorised you to take sixteen? What do you mean by that?" "Well," said Hans, "he told me dat I should have four better, four verser, four richer, four boorer; and in my country four dimes four always make sixteen."

"HAVE you obtained a good character to-day, sir?" said a gentleman the other day, to a little fellow just out of school. "No sir," was the reply—"I have been deficient." "And what is the meaning of deficient?" inquired the first? "It means when you get a whipping," answered the boy.

TIT FOR TAT.—A gentleman riding through the town of ——, one day met an awkward fellow leading a hog, whom he accosted in the following manner—"How odd it looks to see one hog lead another!" "Yes," replied the chap, "but not so odd as it does to see a hog ride on horseback."

USEFUL RECIPES.

VEAL PIE.—Chop, but not very small, the meat of a cold loin of veal, season it with minced parsley, pepper, salt, grated lemon-peel, and nutmeg; add rather more than half a pint of stock made with the bones, thickened with a bit of butter rolled in flour, and seasoned with a tea-spoonful of lemon pickle, and a table-spoonful of white wine; make a paste of the fat of the loin, and an equal quantity of flour, rub it together, and mix with it a little cold water, roll it out two or three times, line the sides of the dish, put in the meat, and cover it.

DRIVING NAILS INTO HARD WOOD.—We have lately seen another experiment of driving nails into hard seasoned timber, fairly tried. The first two nails, after passing through a pine board, entered about one inch, and then doubled down under the hammer; but on dipping the points of the other six or eight nails into lard, every one was driven home without the least difficulty.

MURRAIN IN CATTLE.—"A grain of prevention is worth pounds of cure." I have given my cattle for several years past, plenty of salt mixed with equal quantities of house ashes. None of them have been troubled with the murrain, and I believe it will effectually prevent it—only give them as much as they will eat.

Multiply the figure 9 by any other single figure, and the two figures composing the product, added together, will make 9. Thus 9 multiplied 4, make 36, which two figures added together, make 9, and so on with all the other figures.

LARD.—Lamps fed with lard instead of oil, have been successfully introduced into Rochester. The papers of that city say they "take the shine off" any thing in the market. They give a clear light, entirely free from smoke, and can be fed at about one third the expense of oil.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE RATTLES IN CHILDREN.—Take blood root, powder it, give the patient a small tea-spoonful at a dose, if the first does not break the bladder in half an hour, repeat again three times. This has not been known to fail curing.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. A. H. Pittsford, Vt. \$1.00; A. S. Portland, Ia. \$1.00; L. W. D. Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Salubria, N. Y. \$1.00; W. K. O. Middlefield, Me. \$1.00; N. V. Ausable, Ill. \$1.00; A. B. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Gates, N. Y. \$1.00; A. T. Oran, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. D. Blenheim, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. H. South Tyringham, Ms. \$1.00; S. R. Fosterdale, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. Kalida, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. Kennedyville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. B. Ludlow, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Ellejay, Ga. \$3.00; S. A. C. Branan's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Jeffersonville, Vt. \$1.00; A. S. Collins' Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; R. O. P. North Chilli, N. Y. \$2.00; W. M. G. Wilkesbarre, Pa. \$1.00; J. D. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. S. Cooksburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. R. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; C. V. C. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. T. Norwalk, Ct. \$1.00; P. G. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. M. South Lee, Ms. \$20.07; W. F. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$2.00; S. F. M. West Chateaugay, N. Y. \$1.00; T. J. W. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. J. Richmond, Va. \$1.00; F. H. Clinton, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; W. F. K. East Smithfield, Pa. \$20.00; N. E. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Q. Huguenot, N. Y. \$1.00; W. M. K. Rotterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; W. V. H. Rotterdam, N. Y. \$3.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. E. D. Towner, Mr. Conklin Terry to Miss Mary Ann Ten Eyck, all of this place.

On the 20th ult. in Zion Church, by the Rev. W. Richmond, Mr. James H. Kimberly, of New-York, to Miss Jane M. Maxwell, of Hudson, N. Y.

On the 11th inst. at Spencertown, by the Rev. Mr. Van Dyck, Col. T. W. Bishop, of Canaan, to Miss Mary E. Carroll, of the former place.

At Livingston, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wackerhaugen, Mr. Robert Decker to Miss Elizabeth Ann Van Deusen.

At North East, on Tuesday last, Mr. Alfred Denney to Miss Harriet Gridley, both of North East.

Died,

In this city, on the 8th inst. Mary Jane, daughter of John and Mary Ann Van Hoesen, in her 7th year.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Patience Stoddard, wife of the late Ashbel Stoddard, in the 89th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Martin Teal, in his 24th year.

On the 12th inst. Harriet Eliza, daughter of Theophilus and Mary Jane Dimmick, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On the 13th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of James and Ann Bailey, aged 1 year and 3 months.

On the 14th inst. Henrietta, daughter of George and Mary Ann Clapper, aged 2 years, 9 months and 17 days.

On the 15th inst. Anna Eliza, daughter of Joseph I. and Lucinda Reed, aged 6 years, 4 months and 18 days.

On the 16th inst. George McDougal, aged 38 years.

On the 18th inst. Jacob, son of Wm. and Maria Traver, in his 6th year.

In Kinderhook, on the 5th inst. after a short illness, Col. Martin Great, aged about 35 years.

At Hobart, Delaware County, on the 27th ult. Elizabeth, only daughter of John and Harriet Bought, aged 1 year and 11 days.

At Columbiaville, on the 13th inst. of Scarlet Fever, Seth, son of John H. and Thebe J. Jenkins, of this city, in the 5th year of his age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

MY BROTHER.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

How dear, how cherished 'tis to me,
That representative of thee,
The simple name where'er it be—
My Brother.

With it, all boyish scenes appear,
The memories I hold most dear,
When we from stings of life were clear,
My Brother.

The merry jocund hours of glee,
By mossy hedge, or shading tree,
We spent from disappointment free,
My Brother.

Are by thy magic name renewed,
And all my dreamings seem imbued
With our old airy castles rude,
My Brother.

And as we were at life's first start,
Still may we live, nor grow apart,
When age has ripened o'er the heart,
My Brother.

But as the years their circuit range,
Be ours the friendly interchange,
The mutual love without estrange,
My Brother.

For O, is there a joy below,
Like that which cheers the heart to know
We have a friend through weal, or woe!
My Brother.

Be thou that hallowed friend to me
Till all of life shall cease to be,
And I will ever cling to thee!
My Brother.

Comstock's Landing, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SUICIDE.

"O, THESE comfortless days—these dark, gloomy nights!
How a glance at the future my spirit affrights;
How can I bear on with this rankling smart,
When life is a burden, a load at my heart?

"Once I rose with the lark, and was cheerful and gay—
My wife was all smiles like a morning in May;
Our friends gathered round as our riches increased—
All mirth was the banquet—all joy was the feast.
"But riches have vanished, and pleasure has gone,
And the friends of my heart have their favors withdrawn;
My home, once so sweet, I no longer can claim,
And the cold breath of Slander has withered my fame.
I have heard of a land where no changes will come,
But its glories are hid by the veil of the tomb—
Let me cut life's frail cord, and my spirit thus free,
And that land with its glories shall shine upon me.
"Some say we shall sleep till that morning shall rise,
When the trump of the Angel shall sound through
the skies—

How refreshing that sleep, O, how dreamless that rest,
It will chase the last image of care from my breast.
"But how can I break the last tie that remains,
That binds me to life, and my spirit detains?
Still my woes urge me onward, new scenes I must try—

No worse can befall me, I hasten to die."

Nay, stay, thou vain boaster! thy breath is not thine—

Thy soul is a spark from a Light that's divine;
Then rush not on madly to hasten thy doom,
For dreamy and dark is the night of the tomb.

And thy dreams may be tinged with the hue of despair,
And no glory or splendor may shine on thee there;

For the Lord has declared from His throne in the sky,
That no light shall illumine the self-murderer's eye.

*Then stay thy rash hand, for if pleasures forsake,
And the cold blasts of fate make thy fond heart to ache;*

'Tis safer to die when thy summons shall come,
Than unbidden to rush to disgrace and the tomb.

Townsend, Mass. 1841.

S. B.

For the Rural Repository.

TWILIGHT STANZAS.

THE day is declining,

The sun has ceased shining

Within the red west;

On the breast of the ocean,

Gently lulled by its motion

He sinks to his rest.

The dew drops descending,

With soft zephyrs blending,

Besprinkle the lawn—

In the flower by the fountain,

In the pines, on the mountain

They slumber till dawn.

The streamlets are sparkling—

No shadows lie darkling

Athwart the clear brine;

The moon, queen of beauty!

The stars, to their duty,

All lovingly shine.

The night-bird is pealing

With warmth and with feeling,

Her last fond adieu;

But its echoes of gladness

To my heart speak sadness,

And loneliness too.

The friends of my childhood,

Who, in field or in wildwood,

Once sported so gay,

Like the fresh blooming flowers

Which wreathed our rude bower,

Are passing away.

Their smiles have departed,

While I, broken-hearted,

In solitude pine;

But the mould that encloses

Each form that repose,

Will soon cover mine.

The breeze that is waking,

The leaves that are shaking—

The birdling that sings—

The stream that is rushing,

With low music gushing,

A requiem brings.

By the spot where they're sleeping,

I, my lone virgins keeping—

From earthly ties riven—

Living on in my sorrow.

Am awaiting each morrow,

To join them in heaven.

J.

Utica, Sept. 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BOAT RIDE.

BY A. W. HOLDEN.

OLD Horicon in silent grandeur lays becalmed in sleep,
And scarce a zephyr ripples o'er the surface of the deep;
And the dark old mountains fling their long and gloomy shadows o'er
The silent bay, and forest grove, and distant rocky shore;
And poesy, and romance, and the stories of our sires,
Of the old lake, thrills through my heart like patriotic fires.

Our boat is on the waters, and as we swiftly glide,
Along the glassy surface of the crystal swelling tide,
The moon shines softly down upon the bright reflecting crest,

Of each dark wave, that glittering, onward still in silence prest;
And rippling eddies gather round the gently dipping oar,
As joyfully we leave behind the swift receding shore.

There's music on the waters, and as the cadence swells,
In clear and startling freshness through the lonely forest aisles,
The solemn night bird lifts his head in wond'ring stupid stares—
The growling panther glares in rage from his dark mountain lair—
With answering echo quick repeats in shrill yet soft response,
Each note distinct that warbles through her bleak cavernous haunts.

Our boat is gliding homeward, and the stillness of the night,
Is broken by the sound of voices musical and light,
The brightness of the waters as they gleam like silver sheen,
Along by banks embowered in shade and crowned with evergreen—
The queenly moon that leads a train of stars—a countless throng,
Gladden our hearts as on we ride with joyous shout and song.

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